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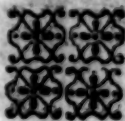
THE  
LAST DAY.

A  
P O E M.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY THE LATE  
EDWARD YOUNG, LL. D.

AUTHOR OF NIGHT-THOUGHTS, &c.



L O N D O N :

Printed and Published by J. CHALMERS, 81, *Old-Street*.  
Sold also by Mathews, *Strand*; Trapp, and Parsons, *Pa-  
ter-noster-Row*; Jordan, *Fleet-Street*; Hamilton and Co.  
*Beech-Street*; Bruce, *City-Road*; Hardie, No. 4, *Bol-  
sover-Street, Oxford-Street*; Fenley, *Bristol*; and by all  
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# THE LAST DAY:

## A POEM.

### IN THREE BOOKS.

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#### BOOK I.

**W**HILE others sing the fortune of the great,  
Empire and arms, and all the pomp of state,  
With Briton's hero \* set their souls on fire,  
And grow immortal as his deeds inspire,  
I draw a deeper scene; a scene that yields  
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;  
The world alarm'd, both earth and heav'n o'erthrown,  
And gasping Nature's last tremendous groan;  
Death's ancient sceptre broke, the seeming tomb,  
The righteous Judge, and man's eternal doom.

'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold design,  
And ask my anxious heart if it be mine.  
Whatever great or dreadful has been done  
Within the sight of conscious stars or sun,  
Is far beneath my daring. I look down  
On all the splendors of the British crown.  
This globe is for my verse a narrow bound;  
Attend me all ye glorious worlds around!  
O! all ye angels, howsoe'er disjoin'd,  
Of ev'ry various order, place, and kind,  
Hear, and assist, a feeble mortal's lays;  
'Tis your eternal KING I strive to praise.

But chiefly thou, great Ruler! LORD of all!  
Before whose throne archangels prostrate fall,

\* The Duke of Marlborough.



If at thy nod, from discord, and from night,  
Sprang beauty, and yon sparkling worlds of light,  
Exalt ev'n me ; all inward tumults quell ;  
The clouds and darkness of my mind dispel :  
To my great subject Thou my breast inspire,  
And raise my lab'ring soul with equal fire.

Man! bear thy brow aloft, view ev'ry grace  
In God's great offspring, beauteous Nature's face ;  
See Spring's gay bloom, see golden Autumn's store ;  
See how earth smiles, and hear old ocean roar.  
Leviathans but heave their cumbrous mail,  
It makes a tide, and wind-bound natives sail.  
Here forests rise, the mountain's awful pride ;  
Here rivers measure climes, and worlds divide ;  
There vallies, fraught with gold's resplendent feeds,  
Hold kings and kingdoms fortunes in their beds :  
There to the skies aspiring hills ascend,  
And into distant lands their shades extend.  
View cities, armies, fleets ; of fleets the pride,  
See Europe's law in Albion's channel ride ;  
View the whole earth's vast landscape unconfin'd,  
Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.

Then let the firmament thy wonder raise ;  
'Twill raise thy wonder, but transcend thy praise.  
How far from east to west ? The lab'ring eye  
Can scarce the distant azure bounds descry :  
Wide theatre ! where tempests play at large,  
And God's right hand can all its wrath discharge.  
Mark how those radiant lamps inflame the pole,  
Call forth the seasons, and the year controul :  
They shine thro' time with an unalter'd ray,  
See this grand period rise, and that decay :



So vast, this world's a grain; yet myriads grace,  
With golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal space;  
So bright with such a wealth of glory stor'd,  
'Twere sin in heathens not to have ador'd.

How great, how firm, how sacred all appears!  
How worthy an immortal round of years!  
Yet all must drop, as Autumn's sickliest grain,  
And earth and firmament be fought in vain:  
The track forgot where constellations shone,  
Or where the Stuarts fill'd an awful throne:  
Time shall be slain, all Nature be destroy'd,  
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.

Sooner or later, in some future date  
(A dreadful secret in the book of fate!)  
This hour, for aught all human wisdom knows,  
Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose;  
When scenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,  
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth;  
While other Bourbons rule in other lands:  
And (if man's sin forbids not) other Annes;  
While the still busy world is treading o'er  
The paths they trod five thousand years before,  
Thoughtless as those who now life's mazes run,  
Of earth dissolv'd, or an extinguish'd sun;  
(Ye sublunary worlds! awake, awake!  
Ye rulers of the nations! hear, and shake!)  
Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day,  
In sudden night all earth's dominions lay;  
Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend,  
Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend;  
The vallies yawn, the troubled ocean roar,  
And break the bondage of his wonted shore;

A sanguine stain the silver moon o'erspread,  
Darkness the circle of the sun invade;  
From inmost heav'n incessant thunders roll,  
And the strong echo bound from pole to pole.

When, lo! a mighty trump, one half conceal'd  
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,  
Shall pour a dreadful note; the piercing call  
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;  
Th' extended circuit of creation shake;  
The living die with fear, the dead awake.

Oh pow'rful blast! to which no equal sound  
Did e'er the frightened ear of nature wound,  
Tho' rival clarions have been strain'd on high,  
And kindled wars immortal through the sky,  
Tho' God's whole enginery discharg'd, and all  
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.

Have angels sinn'd! and shall not man beware?  
How shall a son of earth decline the snare?  
Not folded arms, and slackness of the mind,  
Can promise for the safety of mankind.  
None are supinely good; thro' care and pain,  
And various arts, the steep ascent we gain.  
This is the scene of combat, not of rest;  
Man's is laborious happiness at best;  
On this side death his dangers never cease;  
His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.

If, then, obsequious to the will of fate,  
And bending to the terms of human state,  
When guilty joys invite us to their arms,  
When beauty smiles, or grandeur spreads her charms,  
The conscious soul would this great scene display,  
Call down th' immortal hosts in dread array,

The trumpet found, the Christian banner spread,  
And raise from silent graves the trembling dead;  
Such deep impression would the picture make,  
No pow'r on earth her firm resolve could shake:  
Engag'd with angels she would greatly stand,  
And look regardless down on sea and land;  
Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could restrain,  
And death might shake his threat'ning lance in vain;  
Her certain conquest would endear the fight,  
And danger serve but to exalt delight.

Instructed thus to shun the fatal spring,  
Whence flow the terrors of that day I sing,  
More boldly we our labours may pursue,  
And all the dreadful image set to view.

The sparkling eye, the sleek and painted breast,  
The burnish'd scale, curl'd train, and rising crest,  
All that is lovely in the noxious snake,  
Provokes our fear, and bids us fly the brake:  
The sting once drawn, his guiltless beauties rise  
In pleasing lustre, and detain our eyes;  
We view with joy what once did horror move,  
And strong aversion softens into love.

Say, then, my Muse! whom dismal scenes delight,  
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night;  
Say, melancholy maid! if bold to dare  
The last extremes of terror, and despair,  
Oh say what change on earth, what heart in man,  
This blackest moment since the world began.

Ah mournful turn! the blissful earth, who late  
At leisure on her axle roll'd in state,  
While thousand golden planets knew no rest,  
Still onward in their circling journey prest:



A grateful change of seasons some to bring,  
And sweet vicissitude of fall and spring ;  
Some thro' vast oceans to conduct the keel,  
And some those wat'ry worlds to sink or swell :  
Around her some their splendors to display,  
And gild her globe with tributary day :  
This world so great, of joy the bright abode,  
Heav'n's darling child, and fav'rite of her God,  
Now looks an exile from her father's care,  
Deliver'd o'er to darkness and despair.  
No sun in radiant glory shines on high,  
No light but from the terrors of the sky :  
Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers lost,  
And all into a second chaos tost :  
One universal ruin spreads abroad :  
Nothing is safe beneath the throne of God.

Such, earth ! thy fate : what then canst thou afford  
To comfort and support thy guilty lord ?  
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,  
How must he bend his soul's ambition down ?  
Prostrate, the reptile own, and disavow  
His boasted stature, and assuming brow ?  
Claim kindred with the clay, and curse his form,  
That speaks distinction from his sister-worm ?  
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade ?  
Lord, why dost thou forsake whom thou hast made ?  
Who can sustain thy anger ? who can stand  
Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand ?  
It flies the reach of thought : oh, save me, Pow'r  
Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour !  
Thou who beneath the frown of fate hast stood,  
And in thy dreadful agony sweat blood ;

Thou, who for me, thro' ev'ry throbbing vein,  
Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain;  
Whom Death led captive thro' the realms below,  
And taught those horrid mysteries of woe!  
Defend me, O my God! oh save me, Pow'r  
Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremendous hour!

From east to west they fly, from pole to line,  
Imploring shelter from the wrath divine;  
Beg flames to wrap; or whelming seas to sweep,  
Or rocks to yawn, compassionately deep:  
'Seas cast the monster forth to meet his doom,  
And rocks but prison up for wrath to come.  
So fares a traitor to an earthly crown,  
While death sits threat'ning in his prince's frown.  
His heart's dismay'd; and now his fears command  
To change his native for a distant land:  
Swift orders fly, the king's severe decree  
Stands in the channel, and locks up the sea;  
The port he seeks, obedient to her lord,  
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted sword.

But why this idle toil to paint that day?  
This time elaborately thrown away?  
Words all in vain pant after the distress,  
The height of eloquence would make it less.  
Heav'ns! how the good man trembles?—

And is there a Last Day? and must there come  
A sure, a fix'd, inexorable doom?  
Ambition! swell, and, thy proud sails to show,  
Take all the winds that vanity can blow!  
Wealth! on a mountain blazing stand,  
And reach an Indian forth in either hand;

Spread all thy purple clusters, tempting vine!  
And thou, more dreadful foe, bright beauty, shine;  
Shine all, in all your charms together rise,  
That all, in all your charms, I may despise,  
While I mount upward on a strong desire,  
Borne, like Elijah, in a car of fire.

In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!  
To smile at death! to long to be dissolv'd!  
From our decays a pleasure to receive!  
And kindle into transport at a grave!  
What equals this? And shall the victor now  
Boast the proud laurels on his loaded brow?  
Religion! oh thou cherub, heav'nly bright!  
Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomless delight!  
Thou, thou art all! nor find I in the whole  
Creation aught but God and my own soul.

For ever, then, my soul, thy God adore,  
Nor let the brute creation praise him more.  
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,  
And flush my conscious cheek with spreading shame!  
They all for him pursue, or quit their end;  
The mounting flames their burning pow'r suspend;  
In solid heaps th' unfrozen billows stand,  
To rest and silence aw'd by his command:  
Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood,  
By nature dreadful and athirst for blood,  
His will can calm, their savage tempers bind,  
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.  
Did not the prophet this great truth maintain  
In the deep chambers of the gloomy main,  
When darkness round him all her horrors spread,  
And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head?



When now the thunder roars, the lightning flies,  
And all the warring winds tumultuous rise;  
When now the foaming surges toss'd on high,  
Disclose the sands beneath, and touch the sky;  
When death draws near, the mariners aghast,  
Look back with terror on their actions past;  
Their courage sickens into deep dismay,  
Their hearts, thro' fear and anguish, melt away:  
Nor tears, nor pray'rs, the tempest can appease;  
Now they devote their treasure to the seas;  
Unload their shatter'd bark, tho' richly fraught,  
And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought  
With gems and gold; but, oh, the storm so high!  
Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.

The trembling prophet then, themselves to save,  
They headlong plunge into the briny wave;  
Down he descends, and, booming o'er his head,  
The billows close; he's number'd with the dead.  
(Hear, O ye just! attend ye virtuous few!  
And the bright paths of piety pursue)  
Lo! the great Ruler of the world, from high,  
Looks smiling down with a propitious eye,  
Covers his servant with his gracious hand,  
And bids tempestuous Nature silent stand;  
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,  
Or kindly fold him in a soft embrace;  
He bridles in the monsters of the deep;  
The bridled monsters awful distance keep;  
Forget their hunger while they view their prey,  
And guiltless gaze, and round the stranger play.

But still arise new wonders; Nature's Lord  
Sends forth into the deep his pow'rful word,

And calls the great Leviathan : the great  
Leviathan attends in all his state,  
Exults for joy, and, with a mighty bound,  
Makes the sea shake, and heav'n and earth resound;  
Blackens the waters with the rising sand;  
And drives vast billows to the distant land.

As yawns an earthquake, when imprison'd air  
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,  
The whale expands his jaws enormous size,  
The prophet views the cavern with surprize,  
Measures his monstrous teeth, afar descry'd,  
And rolls his wond'ring eyes from side to side;  
Then takes possession of the spacious seat,  
And sails secure within the dark retreat.

Now is he pleas'd the northern blast to hear,  
And hangs on liquid mountains, void of fear;  
Or falls immers'd into the depths below,  
Where the dead silent waters never flow;  
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,  
Dwells in the shelving mountain's dreadful shade;  
Where plummet never reach'd he draws his breath,  
And glides serenely through the paths of death.

Two wond'rous days and nights thro' coral groves,  
Thro' labyrinths of rocks and sands, he roves;  
When the third morning, with its revel rays,  
The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays;  
It sees the king of waters rise, and pour  
His sacred guest uninjur'd on the shore:  
A type of that great blessing which the Muse  
In her next labour ardently pursues.

## BOOK II.

NOW man awakes, and from his silent bed,  
Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head;  
Shakes off the slumber of ten thousand years,  
And on the borders of new worlds appears.

Whate'er the bold, the rash, adventure cost,  
In wide eternity I dare be lost.

The Muse is wont in narrow bounds to sing,  
To teach the swain, or celebrate the king.

I grasp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,  
I lift my voice, and sing to human kind:

I sing to men and angels; angels join,  
While such the theme, their sacred songs with mine.

Again the trumpet's intermitted sound  
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,

An universal concourse to prepare,  
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air:

In some wide field, which active whirlwinds sweep,  
Drive cities, forests, mountains, to the deep;

To smooth and lengthen out th' unbounded space,  
And spread an area for all human race.

Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,  
And render back their long committed dust.

Now charnels rattle; scatter'd limbs, and all  
The various bones, obsequious to the call,

Self-mov'd, advance; the neck perhaps to meet  
The distant head; the distant legs the feet.

Dreadful to view, see thro' the dusky sky  
Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,

To distant regions journeying there to claim  
Deserted members, and complete the frame.



When the world bow'd to Rome's almighty sword,  
Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confess'd her lord.  
Yet one day lost, this deity below  
Became the scorn and pity of his foe.  
His blood a traitor's sacrifice was made,  
And smok'd indignant on a ruffian's blade,  
No trumpet's sound, no gasping army's yell,  
Bid, with due horror, his great soul farewell,  
Obscure his fall! all welt'ring in his gore,  
His trunk was cast to perish on the shore!  
While Julius frown'd the bloody monster dead,  
Who bought the world in his great rival's head.  
This sever'd head and trunk shall join once more,  
Tho' realms now rise between, and oceans roar:  
The trumpet's sound each fragrant mote shall hear,  
Or fix'd in earth, or, if afloat in air,  
Obey the signal wafted in the wind,  
And not one sleeping atom lag behind.

So swarming bees, that on a summer's day  
In airy rings, and wild meanders play,  
Charm'd with the brazen sound, their wand'rings end,  
And gently circling, on a bough descend.

The body thus renew'd, the conscious soul,  
Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the pole;  
Or 'midst the burning planets wond'ring stray'd,  
Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpse was laid;  
Or rather coasted on her final state,  
And fear'd, or wish'd for, her appointed fate:  
This soul, returning with a constant flame,  
Now weds for ever her immortal frame.  
Life, which ran down before, so high is wound,  
The springs maintain an everlasting round.

Thus, a frail model of the work design'd,  
First takes a copy of the builder's mind,  
Before the structure firm with lasting oak,  
And marble bowels of the solid rock,  
Turns the strong arch, and bids the columns rise,  
And bear the lofty palace to the skies;  
The wrongs of time enabled to surpass,  
With bars of adamant, and ribs of brass.

That ancient, sacred, and illustrious \* dome,  
Where soon or late fair Albion's heroes come,  
From camps, and courts, tho' great, or wise, or just;  
To feed the worm, and moulder into dust;  
That solemn mansion of the royal dead,  
Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarchs tread,  
Now populous o'erflows: a numerous race  
Of rising kings fill all th' extended space.  
A life well spent, not the victorious sword,  
Awards the crown, and stiles the greater lord.

Nor monuments alone, and burial earth,  
Labours with man to this his second birth;  
But where gay palaces in pomp arise,  
And gilded theatres invade the skies;  
Nations shall wake, whose unrespected bones  
Support the pride of their luxurious sons.  
The most magnificent and costly dome  
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.  
No spot on earth but has supply'd a grave,  
And human skulls the spacious ocean pave.  
All's full of man; and at this dreadful turn,  
The swarms shall issue, and the hive shall burn.

\* Westminster Abbey.

Not all at once, nor in like manner, rise :  
Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes,  
Shrink backward from the terror of the light,  
And bless the grave, and call for lasting night.  
Others, whose long-attempted virtue stood  
Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood ;  
Whose firm resolve, nor beauty could melt down,  
Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown ;  
Such in this day of horrors shall be seen  
To face the thunders with a godlike mein ;  
The planets drop, their thoughts are fix'd above ;  
The centre shakes, their hearts disdain to move ;  
An earth dissolving, and a heav'n thrown wide ;  
A yawning gulph, and fiends on every side ;  
Serene they view, impatient of delay,  
And bless the dawn of everlasting day.

Here greatness prostrate falls ; there, strength gives  
place ;

Here lazars smile ; there beauty hides her face.  
Christians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans stand,  
A blended throng, one undistinguish'd band.  
Some who, perhaps, by mutual wounds expire,  
With zeal for their distinct persuasions fir'd,  
In mutual friendship their long slumber break,  
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.

But none are flush'd with brighter joy, or warm  
With juster confidence, enjoy the storm,  
Than those whose pious bounties, unconfin'd,  
Have made them public fathers of mankind.  
In that illustrious rank, what shining light  
With such distinguish'd glory fills my sight ?  
Bend down, my grateful Muse, that homage show,  
Which to such worthies thou art proud to owe.



Wickham! Fox! Chickley \*! hail, illustrious names!  
Who to far distant times dispense your beams;  
Beneath your shades, and near your crystal springs,  
I first presum'd to touch the trembling strings.  
All hail, thrice honour'd! 'Twas your great renown  
To bless a people, and oblige a crown.  
And now you rise eternally to shine,  
Eternally to drink the rays divine.

Indulgent God! oh how shall mortal raise  
His soul to due returns of grateful praise,  
For bounty so profuse to human kind,  
Thy wond'rous gifts of an eternal mind?  
Shall I, who, some few years ago, was less  
Than worm, or mite, or shadow can express,  
Was nothing; shall I live, when ev'ry fire  
And ev'ry star shall languish and expire?  
When earth's no more, shall I survive above,  
And thro' the radiant files of angels move?  
Or, as before the throne of God I stand,  
See new worlds rolling from his spacious hand;  
Where our adventures shall, perhaps, be taught,  
As we now tell how Michael sung or fought!  
All that has being in full concert join,  
And celebrate the depths of love divine!

But oh! before this blissful state, before  
Th' aspiring soul this wondrous height can soar,  
The Judge, descending, thunders from afar,  
And all mankind is summon'd to the bar.  
This mighty scene I next presume to draw;  
Attend great Anna with religious awe.

\* Founders of New College, Corpus Christi, and All Souls,  
in Oxford; of all which the author was a member.

Expect not here the known successful arts  
To win attention, and command our hearts.  
Fiction, be far away; let no machine  
Descending here, no fabled god be seen;  
Behold the God of gods indeed descend,  
And worlds unnumber'd His approach attend!

Lo! the wide theatre, whose ample space  
Must entertain the whole of human race,  
At Heav'n's all pow'rful edict is prepar'd,  
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.  
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow  
The mighty plain, and deluge all below:  
And ev'ry age, and nation, pours along;  
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng;  
Adam salutes his youngest son; no sign  
Of all those ages, which their births disjoin.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,  
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!  
What volumes have been swell'd, what time been  
spent,  
To fix a hero's birth-day, or descent?  
What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise,  
To see the glorious race of ancient days?  
To greet those worthies, who perhaps have stood  
Illustrious on record before the flood?  
Alas! a nearer care your soul demands,  
Cæsar unnoted in your presence stands.

How vast the concourse! not in number more  
The waves that break on the resounding shore;  
The leaves that tremble in the shady grove;  
The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above:

Those overwhelming armies, whose command  
Said to one empire, Fall; another, Stand;  
Whose rear lay wrapt in night; while breaking dawn,  
Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on;  
Great Xerxes' world in arms; proud Cannæ's field;  
Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield:  
(Another blow had broke the fates decree,  
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)  
Immortal Blenheim; fam'd Ramillia's host;  
They all are here, and here they all are lost;  
Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,  
Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.

This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,  
“For judgment, judgment, sons of men, prepare!”  
Earth shakes anew, I hear her groans profound;  
And hell thro' all her trembling realms resound.

Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest pow'r of earth,  
Bless'd with most equal planets at thy birth,  
Whose valour drew the most successful sword,  
Most realms united in one common lord,  
Who on the day of triumph, saidst, Be thine  
The skies, Jehovah; all this world is mine:  
Dare not to lift thine eye.—Alas, my Muse!  
How art thou lost? What numbers canst thou chuse?

A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,  
And now the crimson curtains open fly;  
Lo! far within, and far above all height, [light;  
Where heav'n's great Sov'reign reigns in worlds of  
Whence Nature He informs, and with one ray,  
Shot from His eye, does all her works survey;  
Creates, supports, confounds! where time, and place,  
Matter, and form, and fortune, life, and grace,



Wait humbly at the footstool of their God,  
And move obedient at His awful nod;  
Whence He beholds us vagrant emmets crawl  
At random on this air-suspended ball;  
(Speck of creation) if He pour one breath,  
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence issuing I behold (but mortal sight  
Sustains not such a rushing sea of light)  
I see on an empyreal flying throne,  
Sublimely rais'd, Heav'n's everlasting Son,  
Crown'd with that majesty which form'd the world,  
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.  
Virtue, dominion, praise, Omnipotence,  
Support the train of their triumphant Prince.  
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,  
Around Him like the zodiac, winds its light.  
Night shades the solemn arches of His brows,  
And in His cheek the purple morning glows.  
Where'er serene, He turns propitious eyes,  
Or we expect, or find, a paradise;  
But if resentment reddens their mild beams,  
The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.  
On one hand knowledge shines in purest light;  
On one, the sword of justice, fiercely bright.  
Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed;  
Now tell the scourg'd impostor he shall bleed!

Thus glorious thro' the courts of heav'n, the source  
Of life and death eternal bends His course;  
Loud thunders round Him roll, and lightnings play;  
Th' angelic host is rang'd in bright array:  
Some touch the string, some strike the sounding shell,  
And mingling voices in rich concert swell;

Voices seraphic; bless'd with such a strain,  
Could Satan hear, he were a god again.

Triumphant King of glory! Soul of bliss?  
What a stupendous turn of fate is this?  
O! whither art Thou rais'd above the scorn  
And indigence of him in Bethle'm born;  
A needful, helpless unaccounted guest,  
And but a second to the fodder'd beast?  
How chang'd from him who meekly prostrate laid,  
Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet himself had made!  
From him who was betray'd, forlook, deny'd,  
Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd,  
and dy'd:

Hung pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe,  
All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd below!

And was't enough to bid the sun retire!  
Why did not Nature at Thy groan expire?  
I see, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine;  
The world is vanish'd, I am wholly thine.

Mistaken Caiaphas! ah! which blasphem'd,  
Thou or thy pris'ner? Which shall be condemn'd?  
Well might'st thou read thy garments, well exclaim;  
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!  
But God is good! 'Tis wondrous all! ev'n He  
Thou gav'st to death, shame, torture, dy'd for thee.

Now the descending triumph stops its flight,  
From earth full twice a planetary height:  
There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raise,  
Distinct with orient veins and golden blaze:  
One fix'd on earth, and one in sea, and round  
Its ample foot the swelling billows sound.

These an immeasurable arch support,  
The grand tribunal of this awful court:  
Sheets of bright azure, from the purest sky, [fly.  
Stream from the crystal arch, and round the columns  
Death, wrapt in chains, low at the basis lies,  
And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd,  
With all the grandeur of His Godhead grac'd;  
Stars on His robes in beauteous order meet,  
And the sun burns beneath His awful feet.

Now an archangel, eminently bright,  
From off his silver staff, of wondrous height,  
Unfurls the Christian flag, which waving flies,  
And shuts and opens more than half the skies:  
The cross so strong a red, it sheds a stain  
Where'er it floats, on earth, and air, and main;  
Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood,  
And turns the deep dy'd ocean into blood.

Oh formidable glory! dreadful bright!  
Refulgent torture to the guilty sight.  
Ah turn, unwary Muse! nor dare reveal  
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.  
Say not, (to make the sun shrink in his beam)  
Dare not affirm, they wish it all a dream;  
Wish or their souls may with their limbs decay,  
Or God be spoil'd of His eternal sway:  
But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold  
How they with transport might the scene behold.

Ah, how! but by repentance, by a mind  
Quick, and severe, its own offence to find!  
By tears, and groans, and never ceasing care,  
And all the pious violence of pray'r?



Thus then, with fervency, till now unknown,  
I cast my heart before th' eternal throne ;  
In this great temple, which the skies surround  
For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.

“ O Thou! whose balance does the mountains  
    weigh,  
“ Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,  
“ Whose breath can turn those wat'ry worlds to flame,  
“ That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame ;  
“ Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,  
“ And on the boundless of Thy goodness calls.

“ Oh! give the winds all past offence to sweep,  
“ To scatter wide, or bury in the deep ;  
“ Thy pow'r, my weakness, may I ever see,  
“ And wholly dedicate my soul to Thee :  
“ Reign o'er my will ; my passions ebb and flow  
“ At Thy command, nor human motive know !  
“ If anger boil, let anger be my praise,  
“ And sin the graceful indignation raise :  
“ My love be warm to succour the distress'd,  
“ And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.

“ Oh may my understanding ever read  
“ This glorious volume which Thy wisdom made !  
“ Who decks the maiden spring with flow'ry pride ?  
“ Who calls forth summer, like a sparkling bride ?  
“ Who joys the mother autumn's bed to crown ?  
“ And bids old winter lay her honours down ?  
“ Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,  
“ Not Europe's arbitress of peace and war.  
“ May sea, and land, and earth, and heav'n be join'd,  
“ To bring th' eternal Author to my mind !

“ When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,  
“ May thoughts of Thy dread veng’ance shake my  
“ soul;

“ When earth’s in bloom, or planets proudly shine,  
“ Adore, my heart! the Majesty divine.

“ Thro’ ev’ry scene of life, or peace, or war,  
“ Plenty, or want, Thy glory be my care!  
“ Thine is the vintage, and the conquest Thine:  
“ Shine we in arms? Or sing beneath our vine?  
“ Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow,  
“ The cluster blasts, or bids it brightly glow:  
“ ’Tis Thou that leadst our pow’ful armies forth,  
“ And gives great Anne Thy sceptre o’er the north.

“ Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,  
“ Open with pray’r the consecrated day;  
“ Tune Thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,  
“ And with the mounting sun ascend the skies:  
“ As that advances, let my zeal improve,  
“ And glow with ardour of consummate love;  
“ Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun  
“ My endless worship shall be still begun.  
“ And oh! permit the gloom of solemn night  
“ To sacred thought may forcibly invite.  
“ When this world’s shut, and awful planets rise,  
“ Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies;  
“ Compose our souls with a less dazzling light,  
“ And shew all Nature in a milder light;  
“ How ev’ry boist’rous thought in calm subsides!  
“ How the smooth spirit into goodness glides!  
“ O how divine! to tread the milky way,  
“ To the bright palace of the Lord of day;

- “ His court admire, or for his favour sue,  
“ Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew;  
“ Pleas'd to look down, and see the world asleep;  
“ While I long vigils to its Founder keep!
- “ Canst thou not shake the centre? Oh, controul,  
“ Subdue by force the rebel in my soul.  
“ Thou who canst still the raging of the flood,  
“ Restrain the various tumults of my blood;  
“ Teach me, with equal firmness, to sustain  
“ Alluring pleasure, and assaulting pain.  
“ O may I pant for thee in each desire!  
“ And with strong faith foment the holy fire!  
“ Stretch out, my soul, in hope, and grasp the prize  
“ Which in eternity's deep bosom lies!  
“ At the great day of recompense behold,  
“ Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold!  
“ Then waded upward to the blissful seat,  
“ From age to age my grateful song repeat;  
“ My light, my life, my God, my Saviour, see,  
“ And rival angels in the praise of Thee.”



## BOOK III.

**T**HE book unfolding, the resplendent feat  
Of saints and angels, the tremendous fate  
Of guilty souls, the gloomy realms of woe,  
And all the horrors of the world below,  
I next presume to sing. What yet remains  
Demands my last, but most exalted strains;  
And let the Muse or now affect the sky,  
Or in inglorious shades for ever lie.

She kindles; she's inflam'd, so near the goal;  
She mounts; she gains upon the starry pole;  
The world grows less as she pursues her flight,  
And the sun darkens to her distant sight.

Heav'n op'ning, all its sacred pomp displays,  
And overwhelms her with the rushing blaze;  
The triumph rings! archangels shout around!  
And echoing Nature lengthens out the sound!

Ten thousand trumpets now at once advance;  
Now deepest silence lulls the vast expanse:  
So deep the silence, and so strong the blast,  
As Nature dy'd, when she had groan'd her last.  
Nor man nor angel moves; the Judge on high  
Looks round, and with his glory fills the sky;  
Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,  
Which high to view supporting seraphs raise;  
In solemn form the rituals are prepar'd,  
The seal is broken, and a groan is heard.  
And thou, my soul! (oh, fall to sudden pray'r,  
And let the thought sink deep!) shalt thou be there?

See on the left (for by the great command,  
The throng divided falls on either hand)

How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obscene,  
What more than death in ev'ry face and mien?  
With what distress, and glarings of affright,  
They shock the heart, and turn away the sight?  
In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,  
And tell the horrid secrets of the soul.  
Each gesture mourns, each look is black with care,  
And ev'ry groan is loaded with despair.  
Reader! if guilty, spare the Muse, and find  
A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.

Shouldst thou behold thy brother, father, wife,  
And all the soft companions of thy life,  
Whose blended int'rests levell'd at one aim,  
Whose mix'd desires sent up one common flame,  
Divided far, thy wretched self alone  
Cast on the left of all whom thou hast known,  
How would it wound? What millions wouldst thou  
For one more trial, one more day to live? [give  
Flung back in time an hour, a moment's space,  
To grasp with eagerness the means of grace,  
Contend for mercy with a pious rage,  
And in that moment to redeem an age?  
Drive back the tide, suspend a storm in air,  
Arrest the sun, but still of this despair.

Mark, on the right, how amiable a grace;  
Their Maker's image fresh in ev'ry face!  
What purple bloom my ravish'd soul admires,  
And their eyes sparkling with immortal fires!  
Triumphant beauty! charms that rise above  
This world, and in blest'd angels kindle love!  
To the great Judge with holy pride they turn,  
And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn;

Its flash sustain, against its terror rise,  
And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.  
Are these the forms that moulder'd in the dust?  
Oh the transcending glory of the just!  
Yet still some thin remains of fear and doubt  
Th' infected brightness of their joy pollute.

Thus the chaste bridegroom, when the priest draws  
Beholds his blessing with a trembling eye, [nigh,  
Feels doubtful passions throb in ev'ry vein,  
And in his cheeks are mingled joys and pain;  
Lest still some intervening chance should rise,  
Leap forth at once, and snatch the golden prize,  
Inflame his woe, by bringing it so late,  
And stab him in the crisis of his fate.

Since Adam's family, from first to last,  
Now into one distinct survey is cast,  
Look round, vain glorious Muse; and you whoe'er  
Devote yourselves to Fame, and think her fair,  
Look round, and seek the lights of human race,  
Whose shining acts Time's brightest annals grace!  
Who founded sects, crowns conquer'd or resign'd;  
Gave names to nations, or fam'd empires join'd;  
Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountains low,  
And taught obedient rivers where to flow;  
Who with vast fleets, as with a mighty chain,  
Could bind the madness of the roaring main;  
All lost? all undistinguish'd? no where found?  
How will this truth in Bourbon's palace sound?

That hour, on which th' Almighty King on high,  
From all eternity, has fix'd his eye,  
Whether his right hand favour'd or annoy'd,  
Continu'd, alter'd, threaten'd, or destroy'd;



Southern or eastern sceptre downward hurl'd,  
Gave north or west dominion o'er the world;  
The point of time, for which the world was built,  
For which the blood of God himself was spilt,  
That dreadful moment is arriv'd.——

Aloft, the seats of bliss their pomp display,  
Brighter than brightness this distinguish'd day:  
Less glorious when of old th' eternal Son  
From realms of night return'd with trophies won;  
Thro' heav'n's high gates when he triumphant rode,  
And shouting angels hail'd the victor God.  
Horrors beneath, darkness in darkness, hell  
Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell;  
A furnace formidable, deep and wide,  
O'erboiling with a mad sulphureous tide,  
Expands its jaws, most dreadful to survey,  
And roars outrageous for the destin'd prey:  
The sons of light, scarce unappall'd, look down,  
And nearer press Heav'n's everlasting throne.

Such is the scene, and one short moment's space  
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.  
Proceed who dares!—I tremble as I write:  
The whole creation swims before my sight:  
I see, I see the Judge's frowning brow;  
Say not 'tis distant; I behold it now:  
I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,  
My soul recoils at the stupendous woe;  
That woe, those pangs, which from the guilty breast  
In these, or words like these, shall be express'd:

“ Who burst the barriers of my peaceful grave?  
“ Ah! cruel Death, that would no longer save,  
“ But grudg'd me e'en that narrow dark abode,  
“ And cast me out into the wrath of God;

“ Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,  
“ And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,  
“ Our only song; black fire’s malignant light,  
“ The sole refreshment of the blasted sight.

“ Must all those pow’rs Heav’n gave me to supply  
“ My soul with pleasure, and bring in my joy,  
“ Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,  
“ Sense, reason, memory, increase my woe?  
“ And shall my voice, ordain’d on hymns to dwell,  
“ Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?  
“ Oh! must I look with terror on my gain,  
“ And, with existence, only measure pain?  
“ What! no reprieve, no least indulgence giv’n,  
“ No beam of hope, from any point of Heav’n!  
“ Ah Mercy! Mercy! art thou dead above?  
“ Is Love extinguish’d in the source of love?

“ Bold that I am, did Heav’n stoop down to hell?  
“ Th’ expiring LORD of life my ransom seal?  
“ Have I not been industrious to provoke?  
“ From his embraces obstinately broke?  
“ Pursu’d and panted for his mortal hate?  
“ Earn’d my destruction, labour’d out my fate?  
“ And dare I on extinguish’d love exclaim?  
“ Take, take full veng’ance, rouse the slack’ning  
flame;

“ Just is my lot—but, oh! must it transcend  
“ The reach of time, despair a distant end?  
“ With dreadful growth, shoot forward and arise,  
“ Where thought can’t follow, and bold fancy dies!  
“ Never! Where falls the soul at that dread sound?  
“ Down an abyss how dark, and how profound!

- “ Down, down, (I still am falling, horrid pain !)  
“ Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain ;  
“ My plunge but still begun—and this for sin ?  
“ Could I offend if I had never been,  
“ But still increas’d the senseless happy mass,  
“ Flow’d in the stream, or shiver’d in the grass ?  
“ Father of mercies ! why from silent earth  
“ Didst thou awake and curse me into birth ?  
“ Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night,  
“ And make a thankless present of thy light !  
“ Push into being a reverse of thee,  
“ And animate a clod with misery ?  
“ The beasts are happy ! they come forth, and keep  
“ Short watch on earth, and then lie down to sleep :  
“ Pain is for man ; and, oh ! how vast a pain  
“ For crimes, which made the Godhead bleed in vain ?  
“ Annull’d his groans, as far as in them lay,  
“ And flung his agonies and death away ?  
“ As our dire punishment for ever strong,  
“ Our constitution too, for ever young.  
“ Curs’d with returns of vigour, still the same,  
“ Pow’rful to bear, and satisfy the flame ;  
“ Still to be caught, and still to be pursu’d !  
“ To perish still, and still to be renew’d !  
“ And this, my help ! my God ! at thy decree ?  
“ Nature is chang’d, and hell should succour me.  
“ And canst thou, then, look down from perfect bliss,  
“ And see me plunging in the dark abyss ?  
“ Calling thee Father in a sea of fire ?  
“ Or pouring blasphemies at thy desire ?  
“ With mortals anguish, wilt thou raise thy name,  
“ And, by my pangs, Omnipotence proclaim ?



“ Thou, who canst toss the planets to and fro,  
“ Contract not thy great veng’ance to my woe ;  
“ Crush worlds ; in hotter flames fall’n angels lay ;  
“ On me almighty wrath is cast away.  
“ Call back thy thunders, Lord ! hold in thy rage,  
“ Nor with a speck of wretchedness engage :  
“ Forget me quite, nor stoop a worm to blame,  
“ But lose me in the greatness of thy name.  
“ Thou art all love, all mercy, all divine,  
“ And shall I make those glories cease to shine ?  
“ Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,  
“ And from its course turn back Omnipotence ?  
“ Forbid it ! and oh ! grant, great God ! at least  
“ This one, this slender, almost no request ;  
“ When I have wept a thousand lives away ;  
“ When torment is grown weary of its prey ;  
“ When I have rav’d ten thousand years in fire,  
“ Ten thousand thousand, let me then expire.”

Deep anguish ! but too late ; the hopeless soul  
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,  
Tho’ loath, and ever loud blaspheming, owns  
He’s justly doom’d, to pour eternal groans ;  
Enclos’d with horrors, and transfix’d with pain,  
Rolling in veng’ance, struggling with his chain ;  
To talk to fiery tempests, to implore  
The raging flame to give its burning o’er ;  
To toss, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,  
And bear the weight of an offended God.

The favour’d of their Judge in triumph move,  
To take possession of their thrones above ;  
Satan’s accurst desertion to supply,  
And fill the vacant stations of the sky ;

Again to kindle long extinguish'd rays,  
And with new lights dilate the heav'nly blaze;  
To crop the roses of immortal youth,  
And drink the fountain head of sacred truth;  
To swim in seas of bliss, to strike the string,  
And lift the voice to their Almighty King;  
To lose eternity in grateful lays,  
And fill heav'n's wide circumference with praise.

But I attempt the wondrous height in vain,  
And leave unfinish'd the too lofty strain;  
What boldly I begin let others end;  
My strength exhausted, fainting I descend,  
And chuse a less, but no ignoble theme,  
Dissolving elements, and worlds in flame.

The fatal period, the great hour is come,  
And Nature shrinks at her approaching doom:  
Loud peals of thunder give the sign, and all  
Heav'n's terrors in array surround the ball;  
Sharp lightnings with the meteors' blaze conspire,  
And darted downward, set the world on fire:  
Black rising clouds the thicken'd ether choke,  
And spiry flames dart thro' the rolling smoke,  
With keen vibrations cut the fullen night,  
And strike the darken'd sky with dreadful light;  
From heav'n's four regions, with immortal force,  
Angels drive on the wind's impetuous course,  
T' enrage the flame; it spreads, it soars on high,  
Swells in the storm, and billows thro' the sky:  
Here winding pyramids on fire ascend,  
Cities and deserts in one ruin blend;  
Here blazing volumes, wafted, overwhelm  
The spacious face of a far distant realm;

There, undermin'd, down rush eternal hills,  
The neighb'ring vales the vast destruction fills.

Hear'st thou that dreadful crack? that sound which  
broke

Like peals of thunder, and the centre shook?  
What wonders must that groan of Nature tell?  
Olympus there, and mighty Atlas, fell;  
Which seem'd above the reach of fate to stand,  
A tow'ring monument of Gop's right hand;  
Now dust and smoke, whose brow so lately spread  
O'er shelter'd countries its diffusive shade,

Shew me that celebrated spot, where all  
The various rulers of the sever'd ball  
Have humbly sought wealth, honour and redress;  
That land which Heav'n seem'd diligent to bless,  
Once call'd Britannia: can her glories end?  
And can't surrounding seas her realms defend?  
Alas! in flames behold surrounding seas!  
Like oil, their waters but augment the blaze.

Some angel say, Where ran proud Asia's bound?  
Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd?  
Where stretch'd waste Lybia? Where did India's store  
Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore?  
Each lost in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,  
And all dissolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:  
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,  
And a full period of ambition find.

And now whate'er or swims, or walks, or flies,  
Inhabitants of sea, or earth, or skies;  
All on whom Adam's wisdom fix'd a name,  
All plunge, and perish in the conqu'ring flame,



This globe alone would but defraud the fire,  
Starve its devouring rage; the flakes aspire,  
And catch the clouds, and make the heav'n's their  
prey;

The sun, the moon, the stars, all melt away;  
All, all is lost; no monument, no sign,  
Where once so proudly blaz'd the gay machine.

So bubbles on the foaming stream expire,  
So sparks that scatter from the kindling fire:

The devastations of one dreadful hour

The great Creator's six days work devour.

A mighty, mighty ruin! yet one soul  
Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole;  
Exalted in superior excellence,

Cast down to nothing such a vast expence.

Have you not seen th' eternal mountains nod,  
An earth dissolving, a descending God?

What strange surprizes through all Nature ran?

For whom these revolutions, but for man?

For him, Omnipotence new measures takes;

For him, thro' all eternity awakes;

Pours on him gifts sufficient to supply

Heav'n's loss, and with fresh glories fill the sky.

Think deeply then, O man, how great thou art;

Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart;

What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,

Slighting thyself, affront not God's respect.

Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,

And gaze and wander there, a ravish'd guest;

Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find;

Wander thro' all the glories of thy mind.

Of perfect knowledge, see, the dawning light  
Foretels a noon most exquisitely bright!  
Here, springs of endless joy are breaking forth!  
There, buds the promise of celestial worth!  
Worth which must ripen in a happier clime,  
And brighter sun beyond the bounds of time.

Thou, Minor, canst not guess thy vast estate,  
What stores, on foreign coasts, thy landing wait:  
Lose not thy claim, let virtue's path be trod;  
Thus glad all heav'n, and please that bounteous God,  
Who, to light thee to pleasures, hung on high  
Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the sky:  
That service done, its beams shall fade away,  
And God shine forth in one eternal day.

*F I N I S.*